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All Citizens of Cambria county and all others coming to purchase household FURNITURE, &c., at prices and goods perfectly invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.
Charles, April 19, 1882-tf.

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Is always on hand a large, varied and efficient assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., &c., for sale at lower prices than can be found elsewhere in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, as we are confident we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.
Charles, April 19, 1882-tf.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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ROOFING AND SPOUTING
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Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

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Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

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For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

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POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York. [9-29,'82.-1y.]

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
That terrible scourge, fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

PE-RU-NA
Is Nature's greatest remedy, and is the principal ingredient of almost every prescription Dr. Hartman has given to his private patients.
PERUNA pleasantly agrees with every one—the young, the old, the middle-aged, the babe and the mother.
PERUNA cleanses the system of all its impurities; tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, unlocks the secretions of the liver, strengthens the nerves and invigorates the brain.
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PERUNA is pleasant in taste and stimulates the stomach in such mild yet effectual form.
In Liver and Kidney diseases, and in Chronic Catarrh, it has positively no equal. It never fails.
Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's "Health and Beauty Book" or "Almanac of Life." Have no other. For Piles, Hartshorn, or Kidneys, take
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00; Six Bottles $5.00.
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[8-4-3m.] W. T. CANNON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $65. Pianos $90. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

## LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your heart a bitter sorrow?
Live it down;
Think about the bright to-morrow—
Live it down;
You will find it never pays
Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze
On the grave of vanished days—
Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?
Live it down;
You can win a brave heart's guerdon—
Live it down;
Make your heart's so free from blame
That the lustre of your name
Shall bide all the olden shame—
Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?
Live it down;
Do not grieve and make it double—
Live it down;
Do not water it with tears,
Do not feed it with your fears,
Do not nurse it through long years—
Live it down.

Have you made some sinful error?
Live it down;
Do not hide your face in terror—
Live it down;
Look the world square in the eyes,
Go ahead, as one who tries
To be honored, ere he dies—
Live it down.

## TREED BY A CROCODILE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

In the spring of 1851, Charles Ackworth, of our parts, took a tour through Louisiana, and upon his return related to me some curious adventures. In the cane-brakes of Louisiana he was engaged one day in a bear hunt, and, losing his horse, wandered to the north side of Lake Pontchartrain. Seeing the probability of remaining there until morning, he rigged up his hooks and set himself to catch a supper of fish. Those Southern lakes have muddy, shelving banks, and it was necessary to seek a leaning tree, from which the fisherman might cast his lines into deep water. After a little search Ackworth found one exactly to his taste, an ancient beech tree daring enough to spring up on the edge of the bank, so near in fact that a slight cave-in had effected its centre of gravity until it had bent in humble obeisance far over the lake. With his fishing tackle always in his pocket and a couple of frogs caught napping near by, Mr. Ackworth crept along the stooping trunk, out to the very extremity of the tree, full sixty feet from shore, and set him self to his work.

The close of the day was beautiful, and Ackworth had the sensibilities of a naturalist. The deep green of the spring leaves in that intense climate reminds one of looking through green glasses, and at that particular hour the verdure seemed more dense than usual. It was, in fact, so green as to appear dark, as washer-women mix indigo in their suds until our shirts become white enough to appear blue. He had scarcely got his hook in the water before the birds, frightened away at his approach, returned, and, after a little prudish twisting of necks toward him, went on with sport and labor undisturbed. An immense heron, whose legs dangled under him as he flew, settled upon a dead branch half-way up an old cypress and eyed him pleasantly. A gang of peacocks came screaming and circling in their accustomed manner, their gayish plumage glittering in green and gold, and their undrilled voices piercing the ear as harsh as piccolo flutes. A maternal duck led her fleet of ducklets directly under him as he sat, nor entertained any suspicions of his presence.

A good time had our hero accumulating spoil that afternoon. Such a destruction of the finny tribe must have devastated entire families. Gar, goggle-eyes, catfish, white perch, red perch and cat yielded successively to the attractions of frog meat, exercised their various evolutions as if loth to leave the lake and come to his pouch. In the excitement of the hour he had scarcely noticed that the great top in which he was suspended was gradually settling near the water.—His weight so far from the fulcrum had borne heavily upon the roots and they gave way, bringing down a great mass of soil, until half the trunk was under water.

Now, Ackworth was never a good hand to walk a log. As long as he had hunted and fished through torrent and ravine he had always taken the safer way about in preference to the straighter way across, and tho' he had walked the great beach trunk with some boldness when out of water, it was quite a different affair to retrace it with fifty pounds of fish on his back. Standing long enough in suspense to see that every moment made the matter worse, gloom and personal trepidation increasing, he decided to leave his fish until daylight and make the passage unloaded. He tied his spoils to a stout branch and begun the march. With arms extended as if on the tight-rope he fixed his eye on the shore, felt the log with his feet and shuffled awkwardly along at the rate of two steps to the minute.

But the shuffle forward was suddenly exchanged to back action, as there rose up on the log before him the head of an enormous alligator that fixed a pair of wicked little eyes full upon him. The monster had doubtless been watching him all the time, and observing his movement shoreward had cut in just in time to stop it. Charles Ackworth found himself about the going down of the sun sixty feet from shore and guarded by a Pontchartrain crocodile.

In the first moment of surprise his (the man's) feet slipped on the slippery log, and he was completely soused in the water before he could scramble back to his footing. Then he betook himself to a large limb, leaving his fish below, and made a deliberate survey of the situation. While doing this, and wringing the water from his clothes, his horror was intensified by seeing the monster quite as deliberately draw himself on the log at full length and begin a slow movement toward him. As the black knobs on his back rose above the water in undulatory motions he could reckon to an inch the length of the saurian from the tip of snout to the last scale upon his swinging caudal.—This was not, however, like measuring a dried specimen with a tape line. Every foot of that fifteen was animated and eager. The body was reeking with slime; his mouth, as he opened and closed it in his awkward shamble, displayed full rows of those large round teeth, so coveted by hunters as chargers for rifle guns.

The reptile breathed with a sighing sound, and Ackworth imagined there was an odor of carrion upon the air. As the hideous reptile reached the first fork in the tree his weight brought down another ton of earth from the bank, and had not Ackworth been confident that the longer bough rested upon the bottom he would have given up all for lost. As it was, he was obliged to seek a softer position, and there tied himself with suspenders and handkerchief and prepared to pass the night. The alligator, seeing the fish hanging to a limb, took them in at a gulp, lines and all.

This feat being accomplished the beast spread himself at full length, and, fixing his eye upon his prey, suggested in his crocodilean style: "Be in no hurry. I am patient. I have had my snack. When you are tired roosting there I will have you."

As the two faced each other thus, the man, who was not patient, cursed his ill fortune that he had neither gun nor pistol to match those villainous teeth. There, in plain sight, leaned in a dogwood fork, the gun, good at twenty paces to blow the very skull plates from the animal's head. There, hanging by its side, the rifled pistols. Only one shot to bore out that little red eye, and he almost felt that he could die happy. A wide yawn from the alligator indicated a desire for sleep. An immense owl of the gray species then took up his station over the now useless weapons, and began so dismal a hooting—sounds so unnatural and unexplainable upon ordinary principles that Ackworth could only feel they were intended for his death song, though why the owl should colleague with the alligator he could not imagine. All this was discouraging enough.

But there was an added horror. Before the owl had finished the first chapter of his dirge a splashing in the water called his attention to the fact that another alligator had come on duty. Another reptile, allured by some instinctive sense of prey, was swimming round the tree-top as if seeking an entrance and a welcome. How many times that circuit was made will never be known. How many times Saurian No. 1 raised himself to his feet at the man's slightest movement and opened his mouth to its limit need not be told. How many water snakes (moccasins) with cold, slimy skins, crept over Ackworth's hands and feet as they squirmed through the tree tops—ugh! The night in length was Polar, Arctic; in horrors, Tartarean. It recalled Bunyan's hero as he passed in the darkness through the valley of the shadow of death. Would morning never come? Not a star was visible, for heavy banks of clouds came up over the lake, and smart showers of rain beat upon the unprotected fisherman, clinging now to that tree top. Then it ceased, the wind veered to the north, and it became very cold. Ackworth shivered as though he would break his fastenings. And still Sentinel No. 2 continued his circuit splashing, No. 1 his yawning watch, the gray owl his heart-rending dirge.

At last daylight—oh! blessed daylight—came. Nature's long sleep ended. The day birds left their perches. A gang of jaybirds drove the owl clear down the lake, pricking the very tail feathers out of him. Ever since that day Ackworth always kills an owl when he can. Alligator No. 1, wearied of fruitless watching, disappeared. The sun rose gloriously, and warmed and dried him, and cheered his very heart. The snakes troubled him no more. The mother duck came back with her little fleet, pluming her feathers leisurely, never suspecting that he saw how playfully the ducklets pecked at every feather she threw off. The long-legged heron ventured to his day's fishing.—A troop of deer watered within twenty steps of the gentleman who was perched in the top of a beach tree, guarded by an alligator.

It was long after noon, however, before the reptile, to his great joy, withdrew sullenly and sunk to the bottom. No time was lost by Ackworth in releasing himself from the bonds and resumed his journey to the shore, but his limbs were so cramped that he could scarcely move, and before he had got half way down the log a loud splashing behind showed that the alligator had seen the movement and was on his way to thwart it. Ackworth plunged forward. He slipped, he fell, he spattered the water with his hands, all the time hearing the paddles of his pursuer drawing nearer. It was a drawn race, the parties reached the bank neck-and-neck. Mr. Ackworth fell at the root of the tree just as the alligator struck him with his caudal appendage across the back.

Had the blow fallen a few inches higher this story would never have been published. A broken back would have disabled the man, and those white-rowed teeth would have crushed him. His body, dragged to the bottom of the lake, would have been a bone of contest for a whole school of alligators. But it hit a part of the body intentionally elastic, and the blow hoisted the man clear over the bank into a sturdy holly bush, whose thorns penetrated his flesh and rent his garments in a hundred places. So he was saved.—Sorely bruised and out of breath, his hip sprained so that he never bestrode saddle again without pain, Ackworth felt that he was saved.

Nor was he entirely unavenged. For should the reader, seeking the scene of this terrible adventure, discover an alligator of some fifteen, or by this time eighteen, feet long, whose right eye is absent, removed by a rifle ball, he may safely set him down as the identical sentinel who made the night hours dreary with his presence.

WHAT A LEAP DID.—The pioneer women of the West were familiar with hardships and dangers. Yet their life was not wanting in romantic incidents. Kate Sherrill, whose father was among the first to settle in Tennessee, could outrun and outleap any other woman in the valley of the Watauga. One day the Indians attacked the settlement, and the women fled to the fort. Kate's tall, straight figure attracted the attention of several warriors, who tried to head her off. Seeing that she would be caught if she took the direct path to the fort, she made a circuit and arrived in front of the palisades. She tried to climb over them. Some one inside leaned over and grasped her hand. His footing gave way, and both fell to the ground, but on opposite sides of the high fence.

The Indians were close at hand, and their bullets and arrows fell like hail. It was climb over or die, for she would not be taken alive. She sprang, leaped over and alighted by the side of Capt. John Sevier. He was then married; but on the death of his wife, three years after Kate's famous leap, he asked the agile girl to become his wife.

Her husband became the first Governor of Tennessee. She gave such a reputation to his home that it was known far and wide as "the hospitable mansion of the people's favorite."

The manners of that primitive people are illustrated by the care she took of an imported carpet presented to "the first Governor's wife." It was the first carpet ever laid on a "puncheon," or split-log floor, west of the Alleghenies. When company was expected it was spread out. After they had gone the servants dusted, folded, and boxed it up.

## BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

On the 14th of August, 1782, the fatal battle was fought on the old State road, about a half-mile north of the Lower Blue Licks, of Kentucky. The Kentuckians who took part in the fight left Bryant's Station, Fayette county, on the afternoon of the 13th, and were composed of 182 men, according to one account, and 166 according to another. The subjoined account of the memorable fight we copy from "McClung's Sketches":

"Colonel Daniel Boone headed a strong party from Boonesborough. Trigg brought up the force from Harrodsburg. John Todd commanded the militia around Lexington.—Nearly a third of the whole number were commissioned officers, who took their stations in the ranks for the first time. Among those who bore the rank of colonel were Majors McBride, McGary, Levi Todd, and Captains Butler and Gordon. Todd and Trigg, as senior colonels, commanded the forces. The Indians had followed the buffalo track, chopping many trees on each side of the road with their hatchets, and when they came in sight of the Kentuckians halted, gazed at them a few moments in silence, and leisurely disappeared over the top of the hill. A halt immediately ensued and a consultation was held. The wild and lonely aspect of the country around them, their distance from any point of support, with the certainty of being in the presence of a superior enemy, seems to have inspired a portion of the officers with a seriousness bordering upon awe. All eyes were instantly turned upon Boone, and Col. Todd asked his opinion about the situation. He replied that their situation was critical and delicate; that the force before them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle; that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at a distance of a mile and a half in advance, in such a manner, that a concealed enemy might assail them both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger. It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things, either to await the arrival of Logan, with reinforcements, or to attack without delay.

Boone was heard in silence and with deep attention. A difference of opinion immediately sprung up, which was discussed at length with such ardor on both sides that the boiling bravery of McGary stimulated him to an act which nearly proved destructive to his country. He suddenly interrupted the consultation by a loud whoop resembling the war-cry of the Indians, waved his hat and shouted aloud:

"Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

The mounted men dashed tumultuously forward and the footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass. No order was given and none observed. They struggled through a deep ford in the river as best they could, McGary still leading the van. Upon reaching the top of the hill they followed the buffalo track with the same precipitate ardor.

Suddenly the van halted. They had reached a spot where two ravines headed, one on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians appeared and attacked the van. The troops were upon a bare and open ridge; the Indians in a bushy ravine. The former found themselves as if in the wings of a net, destitute of a proper shelter, while the enemy, in a great measure, were covered from their fire. Still, however, they maintained their ground, and the action became warm and bloody. The parties gradually closed the Indians emerged from the ravines, and the fire became mutually destructive.—The officers suffered dreadfully. Todd and Trigg in the rear, Harlan, McBride and the younger Boone in front, were already killed.

The Indians gradually extended their lines to turn the right and cut off the retreat of the Kentuckians, which had now become hurried and general. The Indians immediately sprang forward in pursuit, and, falling upon them with their tomahawks, made a cruel slaughter. From the battle ground to the river the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped; but the footmen were almost totally destroyed. Colonel Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat.

Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, and to which the attention of the savages was principally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join in the pursuit. He managed to baffle one or two small parties, who pursued him for a short distance, crossed the river below the ford, and entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's Station.

In the meantime the great mass of the pursued and the pursuers crowded on the bank of the ford. The slaughter in the river was great. A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind equally noble and unexpected. Instantly checking his horse he called in a loud voice, for his companions to halt, fire upon the Indians, and save those who were in the stream. The party instantly obeyed, and facing about poured in a galling and close fire upon the foremost of their pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back and gave time for the harrassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was keenly urged for twenty miles.

The Indian loss was 64 killed and wounded.

Thus ended a battle that will be memorable as long as time shall last, and the ceremonies upon the sacred ground where these heroes sacrificed their lives were both fitting and proper.

**More Evidence.**

S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Osborn, O.—*Gentlemen:* Your valuable *Peruna* is the best medicine I ever used.—NANCY FETTERMAN, Cookport, Indiana Co., Pa.

Your *Peruna* for Indigestion and Liver troubles helps me.—W. P. BRANDON, East Liverpool, O.

I was suffering with pain in the chest, palpitation of the heart, with great swelling of the stomach. *Peruna* is doing wonders for me.—JOHN DONAHUE, Sharpsburg, Allegheny Co., Pa.

I have had liver complaint for three years; I thought I would have to quit work; I have taken two bottles of your *Peruna* and am well.—THOS. BRADFORD, 314 Western avenue, Allegheny City, Pa.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life"—gratis.

DURING the past year about 4,000 patents applying electricity in some shape or manner have been granted.

## GO AWAY!

With a bumpy swish and a curdled roar
Sweet Mary's churn goes drumming;
Young Reuben leans on the low half-door,
And hopes that the butter is coming;
Then sighs and sighs, and drops his eyes—
What words can his feelings utter?
"Oh, drop me down in the churn," he cries,
"And make me into butter!"
She rests her hands, and gazing, stands
At the sound of his words vagary;
Then plies the staff with a lightsome laugh—
"Oh, go away!" says Mary.

If a maiden's word means aught, they say,
The opposite sense is in it;
So Reuben finds in her "Go away!"
A "Just come in a minute."
"I hope," says he, "I may make so free,"
"My answer should be to your ears," says she.
"If I could but leave the butter,"
His arm on the shelf that holds the delf,
He looks across the dairy;
"Shall I go to her side, shall I dare her pride?"
"Oh, go away!" says Mary.

He takes the hint and he takes a kiss,
With fears and inward quaking;
She does not take what he takes amiss,
Nor seem in an awful taking.
Sweet kisses he takes so loud and fast
That he takes her breath completely;
He takes her tight in his arms at last,
And still she takes it sweetly;
The heart of the boy is wild with joy;
He has won her—his bird, his fairy;
"I'll go outright for the ring to-night!"
"Oh, go away!" says Mary.

## WONDERFUL MESMERIC FEATS.

Upon special invitation sent them, a number of physicians, lawyers and scientific gentlemen assembled in the Louisville *Commercial* editorial rooms on a recent afternoon to witness a private entertainment given by the Professors Kennedy, the mesmerists. Five first class subjects were selected and they were compelled to do things that amazed those present, especially the physicians.—Numerous tests, such as causing the subjects to cry, laugh, move restlessly around on their chairs and make ugly faces at imaginary persons whom they disliked, were gone through with, and the Professors then tried more difficult tests, and in every instance were successful with all the subjects.

A silver dollar was placed upon the floor and the subjects were told that they could have the dollar if they could pick it up and hold on to it. A rush and scramble was made for the piece of money, but on account of an imaginary heat it possessed not one of the subjects could more than merely touch it. The Professors removed the impression that the coin was hot, and one of the subjects grabbed it up, and sticking it down in his pantaloon pockets, walked away smiling. But he didn't go far until the coin began to burn him, and he undoubtedly suffered great torture before he could get the money out of his pocket and throw it away. This test was successfully worked on all the subjects.

The Professors then removed the sense of smell from the subjects, and a bottle of ammonia was held under their noses, but not the slightest effect did it have upon them.—Prof. Thomas William Tobin, who was present, requested permission to try the ammonia test himself. Taking a piece of paper he saturated it thoroughly with the ammonia, and the room in which the entertainment was given was completely filled with a strong odor of ammonia, so strong that the eyes of several of those in the room became watery. The saturated paper was then rubbed under the nose of the mesmerized subjects, but not the slightest effect was noticeable upon their eyes, which, by the way, were wide open. Prof. Tobin was fully convinced that the subjects had really been deprived of the sense of smell.

Two of the subjects were next sewed together with a doubled thread. The needle was stuck through their cheeks, and Prof. Tobin pulled the thread partly through to convince himself that the needle had actually penetrated the flesh. The subjects were allowed to stand sewed together a few moments, and when brought to were entirely unconscious of what had just occurred, although a person to look at them while they were being sewed would suppose that they were conscious of everything going on about them.

Several other interesting and amusing tests were given and the entertainment concluded. The gentlemen present were so utterly surprised at the performance that they did not undertake to offer any sort of explanation for the wonderful things they had witnessed. They all decided to go home and dream over it, and then read all the works on mesmerism that they could get hold of.

THE MOON AND THE EARTH.—A reader who signs himself "One of the Boys" asks what he evidently thinks are some funny questions about a statement that appeared in the *Companion* to the effect that the earth lost considerable territory when it parted with the moon. As an answer to some of his questions, we will give the theory of the formation of worlds that is at present accepted by astronomers, for the benefit of interested readers.

Millions of years ago a vast mass of fiery nebulous matter is supposed to have filled and extended far beyond the space now occupied by the sun and his family of worlds.

As ages rolled on, changes took place in this vaporous mass. The inner and larger portion condensed and took form as the central sun, and the outer portion contracted into concentric rings, which in process of time became planets and satellites; sun, planets and moons being indissolubly bound together and forming our solar system.

No astronomer has yet found out the way by which this result was brought about, or why the earth should have but one moon, while Saturn rejoices in eight moons besides his wonderful rings.

This, in a few brief words, is the foundation of what is known as the nebular hypothesis, or the theory that ages ago our system was a mass of fiery vapor, that in cooling has condensed into globulous masses or worlds, that we call sun, planets, and their moons. Most of these worlds are still cooling off to the stage which all matter must reach, the general law being the larger the body the longer it will take to cool.

Thus the moon, being smaller than the earth, has cooled off until it is a dead world unfit to sustain life. The earth, millions of years hence, unless interferences that are contingent occur, will be in the same condition. Even the sun himself will ages hence lose his light and heat.—*Youths' Companion.*

**IF NEARLY DEAD**

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

## TRUE POLITENESS.

The Cleveland *Leader* has an observing friend traveling through France who, among other things, remarks: Politeness, with the French, is a matter of education as well as of nature. The French child is taught the lesson from the beginning of its existence, and it is made a part of its life. It is the one thing that is never forgotten, add lack of it never forgiven. The shipwrecked Frenchman who could not get into a boat, as he was disappearing under the waves, raised his hat and with such a bow as he could make under the circumstances, said: "Adieu, Mesdames; adieu, Mesieurs," and went to the fishes. I doubt not that it really occurred, for I have seen ladies splashed by a cab on a rainy day, smile politely at the driver. A race that has that degree of politeness can never be anything but polite. When such exasperation as splashed skirts and stockings will not ruffle them nothing will.

The children are delightful in this particular. French children do not go about clamoring for the best places, and sulking if they do not get them. They do not take favors and attentions as a matter of course and unacknowledged. The slightest attention shown them is acknowledged by the sweetest kind of a bow—not the dancing master's bow, but a genuine one—and the invariable "Merci, Monsieur!" or Madame or Mademoiselle, as the case may be.

I was in a compartment with a little French boy of twelve, the precise age at which American children, as a rule, deserve blame for their rudeness and general disagreeableness. He was dressed faultlessly, but his clothes were not the chief charm. I sat between him and the open window and he was eating pears. Now an American boy at that age would either have dropped the cores on the floor, or tossed them out of the window without a word to anybody. But this small gentleman every time with a "Permit me, Monsieur," said in the most pleasant way, rose and came to the window and dropped them out, and then, "Merci, Monsieur," he quietly took his seat. It was a delight. I am sorry to say that such small boys do not travel on American railroads to any alarming extent. Would they were more frequent.

And when in his seat, if an elderly person or any one else came in he was the very first to rise and offer his seat if it were in the slightest degree more comfortable than the one vacant, and the good nature in which he insisted upon the new comer taking it was really "too sweet for anything."

[Such a sight we never had the pleasure of witnessing; but we have frequently seen the American ten, and even fifteen-year-old, refuse to exchange seats with persons old enough to be their grandmother, and frequently claim a whole seat.—*Ed, Clearfield Republican.*]

The writer continues: And this boy was no exception. He was not a show boy out posing before the great American Republic, or such of it as happened to be in France at the time; but he was a sample, a type of the regulation French child. I have seen just as much politeness in the ragged waifs of the Faubourg St. Antone, where a child never saw the blue sky more than in little patches that could be seen over the tops of seven storied houses, as I ever did in the Champs Elysees. On Sabbath, at St. Cloud, where the ragged children of poverty are taken by their mothers for air and light, it was a delight to fill the pockets with sweets to give them. They had no money to buy, and the little human rats looked longingly at the riches of the candy stands, and a sou's worth made the difference between perfect happiness and half pleasure. You gave them the sou's worth, and what a glad smile came to the lips, and accompanied with it was the delicious half bow and half courtesy, and invariably "Merci, Monsieur." One little tot, who could not speak, filled her mouth with the unheard-of delicacies she had received, and too young to say "Merci," put up her lips to be kissed.

A DOMESTIC ARCADIA.—According to the Mexican correspondent of the New York *Times*, the domestic life of native Mexican is worthy of imitation elsewhere. He says: The amiability and good nature of Mexican women is proverbial. They are universally good tempered, gracious and graceful, and this charm of manner prevails in all classes. Advantages of education are few, and their accomplishments are limited to the guitar and a few Spanish songs, but their voices are sweet and melodious, and their laugh is low, musical and infectious. Simple-minded and affectionate in their natures, devoted where they love, and confiding, but fierce in their jealousies, mere children in simplicity and pleased with a little attention, never awkward in society—a Fifth avenue belle might envy them their grace and natural polish of manner, which is something marvelous, considering their want of opportunities. Even the children are gentle and never rude or boisterous. Their reverence and respect for their parents is something wonderful. When saying good night to them they kneel and kiss their hands. The good nature and affectionate manner in domestic life is charming. There is scarcely an instance of family quarrels and bickerings. No Mexican ever abused wife or children, and in social life their amiability is most commendable.

TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES.—An exchange has the following sound and practical advice, so good and true, and so applicable to our times, that we give it to our readers, and commend it to their careful attention:

"Take care of the pennies. Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor.—The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste.—Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. Never stretch your legs further than the blankets will reach or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff and not tawdy fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to keep it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to the back and board there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young and you will have a chance to rest when you are old."

"NOTHING," said an impatient husband, "so reminds me of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in church and obstructing the way, to indulge in their everlasting talk." "But you forget, my dear," retorted his wife meekly, "that it was the angel who stopped in the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

## AN ILLINOIS CURIOSITY.

GIVING AWAY THOUSANDS, BUT TOO STINGY TO WEAR SOCKS.

"Do you see that old man?" said a friend to me, as we were walking down the principal thoroughfare of Monmouth, Ill.

I followed the direction which his finger pointed and saw a lank, peak-faced and gray-headed man shambling along the sidewalk. He was poorly clad, and seemed occupied in thought. As I nodded a yes to the query the new character that had dawned upon me disappeared in a doorway.

"Well, he is too stingy to wear socks and he is one of the leading merchants of the town."

It was W. D. Pressley, the noted philanthropist and curiosity. Although he has made several fortunes in business, he is now comparatively poor. Christian missions have got the money. It is estimated that within a few years past he has donated to missions at least $50,000. It is only quite recently that he gave $10,000 to some Christian cause, and having no more money at hand, he additionally gave his note for $5,000, which was soon converted into cash.

The strange fact of it all is he absolutely denies himself the necessaries of life that he may give the crying heathens more. So penurious is he, in fact, that he will chase a flying paper over the piazza for a quarter of an hour to use in wrapping. His twine he untwists until he makes of the ordinary strings three pieces. Here is an instance of his saving method: A man who had just purchased a pair of boots walked into Pressley's store one day to purchase some small article. The boots were extravagantly done up in finished wrapping paper and strings. He left them on the counter. The old gentleman took them to one side while the customer was busy with a clerk, and, re-wrapping them, tied the straps with a small piece of string, saving the

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 29, 1882.


DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ROB'T E. PATTISON, of Philad'a.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,
SILAS M. CLARK, of Indiana.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, of Tioga.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.
(Subject to Decision of Congressional Conference.)

FOR ASSEMBLY:
NATHANIEL HORNE, of Johnstown.
JOSEPH McDONALD, of Ebensburg.

FOR SHERIFF:
D. A. LUTHER, Sr., of Carroll Twp.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
JOHN ROHABAUGH, of Croyle Twp.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:
ANSELM WEAKLEN, of Elder Twp.

FOR CORONER:
JOHN COX, Esq., of Conemaugh Boro'.

GENERAL BEAVER is personally, morally, politically and intellectually the inferior of any man that has been a candidate for Governor for many years. Why shouldn't he be elected?—*Ebensburg Herald.*

This is rough, very rough, on Geary, Hartranft and Hoyt, but especially on Hoyt. When a Beaver paper thus assaults the personal, moral, political and intellectual standing of three Governors of the grand old party, it illustrates the truth, without perhaps knowing it, of the well-known adage, "It's a dirty bird that befouls it's own nest."

ALTHOUGH the Philadelphia *Record* first made the statement that the Free Trade League of New York had sent Mr. Hensel, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, $5,000 and promised to send him $15,000 more, to assist in electing Mr. Pattison, and although that paper a day or two afterwards denied the truth of its statement on the authority of Mr. Hensel, some of the Beaver papers still persist in repeating the silly charge, on the theory that a lie "well stuck to is as good as the truth."

THE estimates of this year's wheat crop differ very materially, the lowest statement putting it at 400,000,000 bushels and the highest at 600,000,000. The truth will be found in the end to be between these two extremes, or about 540,000,000 bushels. As it will require not much less than 360,000,000 bushels for home consumption, there will be a surplus for export to foreign countries of over 200,000,000 bushels, and whether or not the foreign demand will equal this large surplus is just now the all-important question with farmers in the great wheat growing States of the West.

THE New York Republican State convention met at Saratoga on Wednesday of last week and on the second ballot nominated Charles J. Folger, now Secretary of the Treasury, for Governor, thus defeating the present incumbent, Alonzo B. Cornell, Mr. Folger is a gentleman of character and ability, but as his party in New York is divided into two hostile factions, precisely as it is in this State, there does not seem to be much of a chance for his election. He is regarded as President Arthur's candidate, and his nomination is attributed to the exercise of official influence by the Washington administration, which will be resented at the polls by a portion at least of the Garfield faction of the party. Several leading Republican papers refuse to support him and his defeat seems to be inevitable.

GOV. FOSTER, of Ohio, seems to be quite as fanatical in his utterances on the temperance question as Governor St. John, of Kansas. Foster in a recent speech at Akron, Ohio, speaking of the temperance issue in that State, said: "In this fight the prostitutes and saloonkeepers are arrayed together against the intelligent classes," and repeated the vile slander in an interview with a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. The German Republicans in Ohio, who were already in arms against the so-called temperance law of the Republican Legislature of that State, passed last winter and pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, are outspoken and indignant at this sweeping declaration of Gov. Foster, and regard it as the last straw placed on the camel's back. They allege that in Cincinnati alone it will cost the Republicans enough votes at the November election to bury their State and county tickets out of sight, and that it will produce a corresponding effect throughout the State.

A CONCERTED HOWL is nowgoing up from the Republican press throughout the State, that the election of Pattison means death to the tariff. What has Pattison or Beaver, or Stewart, to do with the tariff question? About as much as the election of either of them would have to do with settling the question of polygamy in Utah Territory. Are the present Republican members of Congress from this State any better friends of a tariff than the present Democratic members? That the tariff ought to be amended in many of its features was confessed by the Republicans in Congress at its late session, when they assisted in passing a bill authorizing the President to appoint a commission to investigate the question and make a report at next December session. That Commission has been travelling from one point to another for several weeks, taking testimony upon which to base its report, and at last accounts was in session at Savannah, Ga. The cry that the tariff is in danger is intended by the Republican press for political effect in the present political emergency. The only candidates on either the Democratic, Republican and Independent State tickets who can possibly have any official connection with legislation affecting the tariff is the Congressman-at-Large, and Mortimer F. Elliott, the Democratic candidate, removed all doubt about his position on that question in a speech at Lock Haven on the 12th of the present month, an extract from which will be found elsewhere.

IT is always a great pleasure to read a speech abounding in strong, hard common sense, expressed in words so plain and simple as to be easily comprehended by the most ordinary mind. Such a speech is that of Robert E. Pattison, Democratic candidate for Governor, to be found elsewhere in our paper, which was delivered on Tuesday evening of last week, at a reception tendered him and his colleagues on the State ticket by the Commonwealth Club of Philadelphia. It is an admirable speech and almost every sentence in it shows the sincerity of his belief in the responsibility of official trust. "I do not mean to neglect the duties of one office for the purpose of being elevated to another," is his brief but comprehensive reason for not deserting his post of duty in the Controller's office and, like Beaver, rambling over the State for the purpose of showing himself at camp-meetings and county fairs. "Public office is a public trust to be executed for the benefit of the whole people, to whom alone officials are responsible, and of whose will they should be the faithful exponents," is the way in which he refers to the discharge of public duty. "To lessen the cost of government lightens the burden of labor," is his plea for economy in the administration of affairs, whether of the general, State, county, or municipal government. Mr. Pattison is a true reformer and not a man who is constantly speaking of somebody else reforming something. When the opportunity was presented to him as Controller of Philadelphia to meet the crying demand of the taxpayers for relief from the abuses in that office, he did not shrink from the task, young as he was, but boldly grappled with it and has earned a national reputation as a thorough and successful reformer. Pattison has his reform and retrenchment record to recommend him to the people for their suffrages, while Beaver has nothing to stand upon except his subserviency to the political fortunes of Don Cameron.

JOHN STEWART, the Independent Republican candidate for Governor, delivered a speech at Easton, Saturday last, in which, referring to the oft-repeated charge that Don Cameron had dictated the nominations of Beaver and his colleagues on the State ticket, he said: "And I will tell you what I have never told another assemblage, and that is that I, as an individual, was invited to be present when it (the making of the Beaver ticket) was done, and accompanying the invitation was an intimation that *if I wanted it there was a position on the ticket for myself.* My response to that invitation I will let Mr. Cameron give to the public if he desires." This is plain language—so plain that he who runs may read—and comes from a responsible source. It is a bold charge, publicly made, and if not true, Cameron can effectually expose Stewart to the people of the entire State by publishing Stewart's letter in reply to his invitation, which Stewart authorized him to do. There is not much danger, however, that he will take Stewart at his word, and if he don't what will be thought of Beaver's repeated denials that Cameron had anything to do with his nomination, and that it was the spontaneous action of the Republican party. By the time Stewart gets through with Cameron and Beaver, at the close of the campaign, the people of this State will know a great many things that they never knew before, or even suspected, about the interior workings of Cameron's political machine. Stewart having always been a Republican thoroughly understands Cameron's methods and isn't a bit afraid about exposing them.

THE Democratic State convention of New York met at Syracuse on Thursday of last week and on the third ballot nominated Grover Cleveland, the present Mayor of Buffalo, for Governor, his principal competitors being General Slocum, of Brooklyn, and Congressman Flower, of New York City. The most perfect harmony prevailed in the convention from the beginning to the end of its proceedings. This result was brought about by the admission of thirty-four of the delegates elected by the regular New York Democracy, twenty-eight of the delegates chosen by Tammany Hall and ten Irving Hall delegates, making in all seventy-two the number to which the city is entitled. John Kelly was at the head of the Tammany delegation, and took an active part in the deliberations of the convention. The Democracy of the Empire State are thus again united in one solid, compact body, from the city of New York to Lake Erie, and when so united, can't be defeated. The convention seems to have been peculiarly fortunate in its nomination of Mr. Cleveland. He is thirteen years older than Robert E. Pattison, and, like him, has acquired his reputation as a thorough reformer. The New York *World*, in speaking of his nomination says: "It is precisely what happened in the nomination of Mr. Pattison to be Governor of Pennsylvania." Unless all the indications of public sentiment in New York are a delusion and a snare, there can be no shadow of a doubt about a sweeping Democratic victory in November.

HON. JAS. H. HOPKINS, who was Mr. Pattison's principal competitor for the nomination of Governor at the Harrisburg convention, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Allegheny county district, now represented by Russel Errett. The district is strongly Republican, but Mr. Hopkins carried it in 1874 and has a fair chance of doing so in the present contest. Errett is not at all regarded as a strong candidate and his slavish devotion to Cameron has made him peculiarly obnoxious to the Independent Republicans in the district, enough of whom it is believed will vote for Hopkins to elect him.

THE Altoona *Tribune* derives consolation from the fact, if it be a fact, that at the recent election in Maine "Abel Humphrey, aged 98, and who has always voted the Democratic ticket, cast his ballot for the Republican candidates." When a man lives to be ninety-eight years of age he has undoubtedly reached his "second childhood," and it is therefore not to be wondered at that old Able Humphrey wasn't able to do anything else than cast his vote for the Republican candidates.

## ROBERT E. PATTISON'S SPEECH.

The Commonwealth Club of Philadelphia gave a reception, on Tuesday evening of last week, to Mr. Pattison and his colleagues on the Democratic State ticket. It was the occasion of bringing together about four hundred leading and representative Democrats from all sections of the State, among whom were Judge Black, Judge Sharswood, Jas. H. Hopkins, Samuel H. Randall, Chairman Hensel, of the State Committee, Senator Coxe, Judges Findley and Elcock, Gen. Davis, of Bucks county, Robert E. Monaghan, of Chester county, and others of like prominence. On behalf of the Club, State Senator Eckley B. Coxe delivered an address of welcome to the candidates, in which, among other things, he said that "good government, self-government, just representation, true representation for years to come in Pennsylvania, are the momentous stakes which must be won or lost in November next. You gentlemen," he said, "are the trusted leaders in that struggle. Your nominations have inspired us with the strongest confidence in its victorious issue. To-night you come to us, bringing great hopes of deliverance for Pennsylvania." In response, Mr. Pattison spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I thank the Commonwealth Club for this tribute to the State candidates. I am glad to be present at a reception tendered by an association which, as I understand, had its origin in the desire to assist in placing the Democratic party in Philadelphia in accord with the popular demand for administrative reform and the purification of the public service. My engagements as a public official have made it impossible for me to embrace the many opportunities hitherto presented for meeting the people throughout the State. I do not mean to neglect the duties of one office for the purpose of being elevated to another.

I cannot resist a feeling of diffidence when I contemplate the importance of the responsible office for which I have been named. The reflection which I have given to the subject has strengthened my convictions of the magnitude of the trust imposed upon the Executive of the Commonwealth. The people, through their constitution, have commanded "that he shall take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed." This injunction carries with it a weight of meaning that grows in importance with attentive consideration. It means more than that the Governor shall be a mere automaton to sign his name to acts of legislation, nominate men to office and draw his yearly salary. The Constitution invests him with the highest and gravest responsibilities. By his veto, if faithfully and firmly exercised, the Governor is a check upon hasty, extravagant and pernicious legislation. He has a right to require an account of their stewardship from the heads of all the executive departments. The Treasurer, who is the custodian of the people's money; the Auditor General who is the auditing officer; the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the inspector of every draft drawn against the treasury; the Secretary of Internal Affairs, who has a general supervision of the corporations of the State and her business and material interests; the Attorney General, the Superintendent of public instruction, the Secretary of the Commonwealth—all are subject to the inquisition of the Chief Magistrate of the people, charged with the faithful execution of the laws.

THE JUST EXECUTION OF LAW.

The just execution of the criminal law, also, is in his keeping. By the inordinate exercise of executive clemency the prison door may be opened and the transgressor of the law allowed to escape just punishment. It is a mistake to suppose that the favorable decision of the Pardon Board is conclusive upon the Executive. The recommendations of that Board are advisory merely. By the fundamental law the final power to grant pardons is vested in the Governor, who alone is responsible for the exercise of this grave duty.

I take advantage of this opportunity to say that, in my judgment, the issues of the coming election are confined within the four corners of our State. Between Lake Erie and the Delaware and from the Northern Tier to the Southern border is to be found the reason for every question legitimately entering into the contest. Any attempt to inject issues is an effort to detract public attention from the real questions involved in the campaign. This occasion would not justify me in making a lengthy speech. It may be fitting, however, that I briefly state one or two thoughts upon matters that impress me as important for present public consideration.

One of the gravest evils in our political system is the low estimate of duty held by public functionaries. This arises from their failure to recognize the fundamental idea of our government: That a public office is a public trust, to be executed for the benefit of the whole people, to whom alone officials owe responsibility and of whose will they should be the faithful exponents. When this conception of duty is lost sight of or modified, the way is open for an immediate, certain and constant degeneracy of the public service. A merely mechanical and negligent performance of official functions follow by obliteration of these standards of duty. The result from long continuance in power of selfish political leaders, and is a most serious evil in the public service. No one can estimate the injury and loss the people suffered from this cause alone.

THE BOSS SYSTEM.

There is a wide-spread discontent at what is forcibly called "boss" government. This is not without much reason. Popular discontent has generally good cause, for the people have no advantage in one-cessary agitation and disorder. The great evil of "boss" government is that the interest of the official is made inimical to faithful public service. His interest is not on the side of fidelity to the public weal, but on that of abject obedience to the orders of the "machine"—and he follows his interest.

A wise economy must be enforced in the public expense. Profuse expenditure by government is not only burdensome in itself, but generates in officials a spirit of profligacy which permeates even private life. Extravagance breeds extravagance. Every useless expenditure creates an excuse, if it does not cause a necessity for further waste. This is true in many instances, not always perceptible to the public, but which become apparent upon an investigation of systems. Peculation may be gross, but can be detected. Mere financial extravagance can be measured and corrected. The usual and ordinary "leaks" at least discover themselves and can be stopped. But there is a prodigacy that invades systems, that is wrapped up in statutes, that has the protection of law and the warrant of long usage. It is the growth of years, has been fine upon fine written into your legislation, represents the concentrated ingenuity of a succession of public plunderers and extends from the highest department in the State to the lowest in the municipality.

One manifestation of this abuse may be designated by the term "place making." The numerous multiplication of offices, the creation of useless and extravagant boards, commissions and trusts is a strong channel of waste through which the people are yearly despoiled of millions. A serviceable politician is out of place and must be provided for—a Recorder's office is immediately created. A junto of leaders determine to pool their designs upon the treasury—a dependant legislature infidel's a Deliquent Tax office upon the community. The "spoils" being still found insufficient some vast public improvement is suggested and a scheme for public works is designed, big enough to take in some of the needy of both parties.

AN URGENT AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

The abolition of unnecessary offices, the reduction of the number of public dependants, the narrowing of responsibility and economy in the public expense constitute an urgent and practical reform. This would be a substantial benefit to the people. To lessen the cost of government lightens the burdens of labor. The authors and abettors of the evils under which the people suffer are now on their trial in this Commonwealth. After a long stewardship they will be judged by deed and not by declarations. Professions are easily made; but the people have been fed on such dry husks so long that they have resolved to determine who shall be their servants, not by what is promised for the future, but by what has been done in the past.

I again thank this organization for the kindness of this reception and the opportunity it has afforded me of saying these brief words.

The Controller's earnest, eloquent delivery, not less than the sentiments contained in this, his first and all probability his last speech of the campaign, excited unbounded enthusiasm and the prolonged applause echoed far up and down Broad street.

### A Varied Performance.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ.

## DO YOU KNOW?

Reader, do you know that during the last twenty-one years the Radical Stalwart or Cameron party, call it what you may, has had supreme control of every department of the government, with the exception of a few years when the Democrats succeeded in getting a bare majority in one or the other House of Congress.

During all this time do you know of a single act it has done or a solitary law it has enacted calculated to benefit the masses or to better the condition of the laboring men and farmers of the country?

If you do, speak out like a man, and let us know what they are.

Before this radical party went into power it was seldom you heard of a millionaire and as seldom you saw a tramp. Now the former are counted by hundreds and the latter swarm our highways in droves. As the one increases the other multiplies. All the legislation of the Radical party has tended to this end.

It has given birth to and built up greedy corporate monopolies that crush out individual enterprise.

It has concentrated capital in the hands of the few to the injury of the masses.

It has corrupted elections and legislators, with money wrung from the laborer in taxes, to an extent that degrades public morality and endangers republican government.

It has made the few rich beyond the hope of avarice and the many poor beyond the hope of a decent living.

It has fed corporate power on special privileges until it has grown to think its power perpetual and its authority supreme.

It has made the creature greater than the creator—the public servant greater than the public master.

It has adopted systems of taxation which relieve the wealth of corporations and the investment of the opulent from its burdens and places them upon the laboring and producing classes of the country.

It has given of the people's land millions of acres to enrich corporations and refused to consider any measure looking to the reduction of the people's taxes.

It has opened up avenues to the public treasury whereby the people's money is taken and used to perpetuate political power in a single vicious line of succession.

It has changed the policy of our government until the rapid accumulation of enormous wealth by persons of moderate ability and not engaged in any productive employment, and the consequent impoverishment of the laboring millions whose money these persons absorb, show that the government is not administered on republican principles nor in the interest of the many whom it was designed to protect.

These things you know—if you do not it is time that you open your eyes to these facts and act as becomes freemen and sensible voters.

It is for you to know and you to remember that during the twenty-one years the Radical party has been in power it has

Created more panics,
Caused more strikes,
Made more millionaires,
Turned more honest workingmen into tramps, and bred more trouble between capital and labor, than the country saw, knew or experienced, during the eighty four years prior to 1860 during which the Democratic party controlled its different departments and was responsible for its legislation.

Knowing these facts as you must know them, what are you going to do about it? Continue in power the party responsible for these wrongs against good government and the outrages upon the masses? If so the way to do it is to vote for Beaver and the Stalwart ticket, or Stewart and his independent crowd, or the tail to these two political kites, Armstrong and those on the ticket with him.

If you want a change the only way you can get it is to vote the Democratic ticket.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

THERE is a great deal of general condemnation on principle of the practice of political assessments by the Republican party. This of course is right, for correct principles make political assessments radically wrong. But the severe practical side of the case, which exposes the injustice of the system in all its workings, does not often come to light. The Washington *Post* gives an instance which ought to make every Republican feel proud of his party. The *Post* says there is in Washington a clerk holding a government position who is struggling to support a family of eight persons, including his aged mother and wife's father, on a salary of $1,000 per year.—This clerk has already been peremptorily assessed by national State and district committees of the Republican party ten per cent. of his salary, or one hundred dollars. Fearing that the "influence" which keeps him in office would be with drawn if he refused payment, and having no money to meet the demand, he was compelled to sell a gold watch and chain presented to his wife by a relative He has now paid all his assessments and trembles in his boots lest he may be subjected to another before election day. It is upon such extortion that the Republican party lives.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

A FROZEN FACT.—There is no work you can do from now until the 7th of October that will have such telling effect upon Democratic prospects as to go out and see that the taxes of all the Democrats in your neighborhood are paid. We have all along promised our Democratic people a glorious victory in case a full vote is polled, and a full vote can only be had by seeing that every Democrat is properly prepared to vote. This is the time to attend to that matter. After the 7th of October it will be too late. There are other matters you can easily put off until after that date, But this must be attended to, and now is the time, and you are the one to do it. Go at it at once Don't wonder whether it is being done over in a neighboring ward or township, but go and attend to your own DISTRICT. Others are doing it elsewhere, and the only place you are asked to bother about is your own election district. This is meant for any Democrat that reads this paper.

WHERE THE DEMOCRATS STAND.—Extract from a speech delivered at Lock Haven, September 12, by M. F. Elliott, Democratic candidate for Congressman-at-Large:

"The Democratic party has declared in its platform that it is in favor of protecting American industries and I say it from my heart—and by this I expect to stand—that I am in favor of such a tariff as will effect justly the employer and employee. As a Pennsylvanian I am in favor of protecting Pennsylvania's industries, not for the benefit of the manufacturer alone, but for the benefit of the laboper as well and the people in general. I don't want Simon Cameron to say, and he cannot truthfully say, that one man on the Democratic ticket is averse to protecting the industries of this State. These are my convictions; I have always expressed them and expect to retain them."

ISAAC GREEN, the lieutenant of marines who battered in the door of the Harper's Ferry engine-house and captured John Brown, is now a Dakota farmer, as the trouble was all about the blacks, it gives more color to the transaction and was fully in keeping with the "eternal fitness of things" for Green to arrest Brown.

TWO OLD SOLDIERS, who served in Beaver's regiment, were refused nominations for county offices in Centre county on Tuesday last. One of them made the mistake of losing an arm instead of a leg in the war.—*Phila. Times.*

## NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The loss of the State Fair at Pittsburg this year was over $4,000.

—At Raleigh, N. C., 7 7-10 inches of rain fell in a few hours on Saturday.

—Banish ill health, nervousness, vexation fretfulness, etc., by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—A disease which in many instances has proved fatal has appeared among the horses in Dauphin county.

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—Both of their bodies were discovered by the family early next morning Mrs. Benson leaves a husband and several children. The family are frantic with grief.

—A cripple named Divine, living at Montgomery, Orange county, New York, met with a singular death Saturday night. He was stooping over a fence to gather some catnip growing on the other side when his crutches slipped from under him and he fell with his neck wedged between two pickets on the fence. He choked to death, being unable to extricate himself, and his lifeless body was found hanging on the fence the next day.

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—Jay Gould having bought every other sort of corporation has been making a big effort to buy up the New York Associated Press. It is said to be M. Gould's ambition to control the news service of the country. The Harrisburg *Patriot* thinks it a wonder that Gould did not try long ago to buy the capitol buildings at Washington. But perhaps he did not care for them, as he has shown on several occasions that he owned those who assembled therein.

—A woman in Hartford, Conn., became the mother of a child which died last week at the age of five days, and which weighed, alive, 22 pounds. It was a well formed but gigantic child. The mother, not long after its birth, asked the attendants to let her see her baby. They held up the big child, all dressed, "No," the mother said, "I don't mean that great child; I want to see my baby." When assured that that was her child her astonishment was unbounded.

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—The Jacksonville *Union* says: Strange freaks were played by the tornado here in Florida. Parts of the same building were carried in one direction, while other portions were hurled in another. Those who had an opportunity of seeing the dread messenger describe it as spear shaped, or resembling a funnel, and say that it diffused a reddish or yellowish light. Like some huge bird of prey it would swoop down upon the earth to pursue for a few moments its mission of ruin and would then dart off into space with a rumbling, roaring sound that struck all hearts with terror.

—The Huntsville *Herald* says that a correspondent visited, the other day, near College Mound, Macon county, Mo., Mr. Robert Gibson, perhaps the oldest person in the United States. Mr. Gibson is now 116 years old, has had twelve children, ten of whom are now living, and his grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren number about 200. He is getting deaf and his eyesight is getting dim, but on Sunday previous to the visit (July 25) he rode in a spring wagon eight miles to church. He was excused from service in the war of 1812 by reason of his being too old for military duty.

—At Covington, Ky., Thomas Dodd was shot dead at 11 o'clock Sunday night, while standing in the doorway of his own residence with his young wife, whom he had married only the Sunday previous. Two shots were fired at him by a man who was standing with a woman companion on the sidewalk. The evidence points to Edward Welsh as the perpetrator of the murder. Welsh is the father of a girl with whom Dodd's relations had been such that his parents desired him to marry her. Mrs. Welsh has been arrested and admits that her husband fired the fatal shots. The officers in Covington are confident that they will soon have Welsh in custody.

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—John Bediete, a lawyer, deliberately laid his neck on the Philadelphia and Erie track, at Corry on Friday morning, as a train was coming through. His head was cut off. No cause is assigned for the act.

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—Mrs. Mary Jones, wife of Charles Dieffi, of Easton, Pa., gave birth to a son, and on Friday evening two daughters were born to her. The triplets are doing well, and appear healthy and strong. Mrs. Dietrich is also in good spirits.

—A German farmer near Depere, Wis., rejoices in an immense crop of cabbages this year. Contracts were made by him by the close of the season he will have sold over 30,000 heads, and will have cleared a net profit of more than $300 per acre.

—According to the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Sunday Courier*, there is an old bachelor of sixty-five or thereabouts in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, who has during his life time proposed to no less than thirty ladies, young and middle-aged, and been refused every time.

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—A reptile was caught in the Quidapahilla creek, Lebanon county, near Annville, the other day, of curious character. The head is shaped like that of a catfish, the tail like that of an eel and the body resembled an alligator. It was nineteen inches long, had four legs and, except at the tail, was without fins. Its food was fish and crabs.

—Mr. Hoffman and Miss Barr were married in the Gothic Chapel, which is a chamber in the Mammoth Cave. It satisfied everybody concerned excepting the bride, who was compelled to wear an unbecoming flannel suit, because the dippings of the cave would have ruined the handsome bridal dress that had been made for her.

—At an international beauty tournament recently held at Pesth, Hungary, a diamond bracelet was awarded to Cornelia Szeckely, aged twenty, who is declared to be the most beautiful woman in the world. This damsel is a brunette, with brilliant eyes, and those figure suple as a climbing creeper, recalls the type of ancient Greek statues.

—William McGeary, 16 years old, while coon hunting near Painesville, O., Saturday night felled a tree, the limb of which struck another tree in falling and rebounding hit the lad on the head, killing him. His body was found by farmers, who were attracted to the spot by the strange behavior of a dog which McGeary took with him.

—Mrs. Mary Jones was arrested at Harrisburg on Sunday for the murder of her illegitimate grandchild. The arrest was made by virtue of a statement given by a young man who alleges that he assisted in burying the child. According to his declaration Mrs. Jones' son told him that his mother choked the infant to death soon after its birth.

—A curious miser was John Birdsall, of Rush, Ind., who brought $600 in gold from California twenty years ago, buried it in an iron pot and told nobody. His family have of late suffered for food, and, when absolute starvation threatened them, he dug up his treasure and went off with it, leaving his wife and four children to the Poormaster.

—Fifty years ago a Dover (N. H.) boy, who was on the Island of St. Helena, cut some sprigs from a willow tree which grew over the grave of the great Napoleon. He afterward gave them to William B. Lyman, of Dover, who planted them at his residence and a willow tree was the result. This tree was destroyed during the high wind of Friday.

—A heavy fall of roof coal occurred on Monday morning at 8 o'clock in the Kingsland mine of the Maryland coal company, at Lonaconing, Md. Four miners, including the mine boss, William Byers, are known to be under the coal. The dead body of James Brehaney was recovered, and Louis Cook, another miner was brought up in a dying condition.

—A cave-in took place in the Dodson mine, Plymouth Coal Company, Wilkesbarre, on Monday. The squeeze caused an explosion of the fire damp, instantly killing one fire boss and seriously burning four miners. The main track of the Lackawanna railroad settled three feet for several hundred yards, caused by the cave-in, and all trains have stopped running.

—James P. Barr, editor of the Pittsburgh *Post*, having attended the Commonwealth Club reception, gives his impression in a long editorial letter to his paper. The veteran politician and journalist confesses to an agreeable surprise in the large calibre of candidate Pattison, and indulges in charming eulogy and hopeful predictions to the extent of a column.

—Mrs. James Benson, of Buffalo, who had been suffering from a fever for some time past, got out of bed Thursday night, while delirious, taking her youngest child, a boy of two years, with her, and went to the cistern and jumped in. Both of their bodies were discovered by the family early next morning Mrs. Benson leaves a husband and several children. The family are frantic with grief.

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# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - SEPT. 29, 1882.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—It leads them all, does the "Domestic."

—Fine weather for fair—county fair—over in Blair.

—It shoots at the head—the light-running "Domestic" is imitated by many, but equalled by none.

—No matter what your ailment is, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely benefit you.

—Sixty new Mogul engines are soon to be put upon the main line of the P. R. R.

—Rattlesnakes are becoming alarmingly frequent and frequently alarming in Altoona.

—The "Domestic" has fewer parts, hence less complications and never gets out of order.

—The "Domestic" uses a large self-threading shuttle, and has a perfect self-setting needle.

—Remember, voters, that the last day for taxes is Saturday of next week, October 7th.

—No content with a street railway, Johnstown is said to be hankering after a Herdic combination.

—We have slightly previous in regard to the election proclamation. Not this week—next week.

—Is your back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At Jones' store.

—The motto of the Domestic Sewing Machine Co. has always been: "The best Sewing machine at a moderate price."

—Shiloh's Cure will cure you cough when Shiloh's Cure immediate relief? Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1. At James' drug store.

—Business in September is correspondingly salubrious for all that several rafts reached Johnstown on Monday last."

—If you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint, Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to do you good. At James' drug store.

—The "Domestic" is warranted to be made of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, to do any and all kinds of work that can be done on any machine; and to run in every respect, and perfect machine.

—Mt. Union *Times* says that "there is talk of Tom. Moore, editor of the New-Bloomfield *Weekman*, buying an interest in the Huntingdon *Dispatch*." What, does it take the Starkpole to *Dispatch* the Jonnycumsquill?

—"The mystery of the mystic tie," being the Order of Odd Fellows, not Masons, didn't "rest upon the level" to any great extent. Neither did they "part upon the square," but not upon the public square of Hollidaysburg borough.

—Hon. Cyrus Campbell has been renominated for Congress by the Democracy of the district and Coffroth is going to be, we shall C a C fight, which we do doubt will add another C to the list each of the contestants—Coffroth, Conqueror and Campbell, the Conqueror.

—Mr. Michael Latterner, of the Latterner Hotel, this place, will remove this week with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Lake, and her children, to Altoona, where Mr. L. has recently bought a house and where he and family will make their home in the future.

—We beg leave to differ with the Altoona *Tribune* when it says that a really great man is quite seldom has much pleasure in life. Having been there, we can vouch for the fact that the pleasures of a g. m. in a small section is this world as the Altoona *Tribune* can testify.

—Mr. Wm. Martz, of Cambria township, who for a couple of years past has been in the employ of Messrs. Collins, railroad contractors, as boss carpenter, and a good one he is, as well as a thorough gentleman, took a run home for two or three days during the past week, returning to Centre county, the scene of his labors since the middle of August, on Monday last.

—Mollie J. Bash, Taylor Boucher, Thomas Huber, Miss Susan M. Kaylor, R. S. Latham, Chance Myers, Miss Maggie M. Mullen, Wm. Reid, Miss M. M. Shadrach, Jas. Sanders, N. H. Schenck, Miss Lucy Thomas and Mrs. Catharine Wagner will find letters awaiting them at the Ebensburg postoffice.

—We have tested the invaluable qualities of Roberts' Horse and Cattle Powders upon our own stock, and in justice to our fellow citizens, deem it our duty to recommend the same to all owners of stock, not only in cases where stock is sick, but find it very beneficial to new milch cows, as well as to the general appearance of the horses and other stock; it costs only 25 cents, and guaranteed to effect a cure, if given a time.

—The Mountain Sentinel, of this place, went to Johnstown last Saturday and played the return game with the Woodvale club. At the end of nine innings, the score stood 9 to 5 in favor of Woodvale. The home-and-home game is fixed to be played at Loretto on Saturday of next week. The Loretto club, weather permitting favorable, will come to Ebensburg to-morrow (Saturday) to play the return game with the Mountain Stars.

—It will be news to our readers to learn from the Pittsburgh *Commercial* that "Wicker A. Wood, of New Castle, was shot at three times at Ebensburg, Cambria county, on Saturday evening by a man named Frank Cook. Mr. Wood was wounded in the side, but not dangerously. Cook is now under arrest. He accuses Wood of entering his house and insulting his wife." The shooting no doubt occurred in Edenburg, Clarion county. Hence the mixing up in the names.

—If "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," what should be said of the hundreds of beautiful things now on exhibition and sale at C. Rivinius' clock, watch and jewelry store, on High street? Never before have human eyes feasted on such a magnificent display of real simon pure gold and silver articles in Ebensburg, and never have people had such a fine opportunity as now to buy the very best goods in that line at the very lowest prices.

—Last week to our sanctum a new journal came from the City of Smoke, the *Sunday Traveler* by name, and having scanned it all over we are free to declare that in all that pertains to a family paper will compare with any sheet in the land of which we're aware. Still don't take our word, though it's true all the same, but send to Pittsburgh your address and your name, and Morris & Sweely, who put the sheet out, will send you a copy beyond any doubt.

—A note from our friend and patron Marshall W. Jones informs us that the firm of Jones Brothers, comprising himself and his younger brother, Seward W., has embarked in business as importers and wholesale dealers in Scotch and American granite at 53 and 55 Kilby street, Boston, and that they are well pleased with their location and have no doubt about their success. Glad to hear it, as are also hundreds of other friends and admirers of the aforesaid gentlemen in Ebensburg, their old home.

—On last Saturday afternoon the Williamsport base ball club defeated the Altoona club, on the grounds of the latter, by a score of 10 to 9—a pretty close contest. A former member of the Johnstown club, named Brown, pitched for the Williamsporters. The Altoona club departed on an eastern tour last Sunday night, playing in Harrisburg on Monday, in Danville on Tuesday, in Williamsport on Wednesday, in Elmira on Thursday, Waterville on Friday and probably in Sunbury or Pottsville to-day and in Lock Haven to-morrow.

—The entire stock of dry goods, groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes, hardware, tinware, queensware, etc., comprising not less than four thousand dollars worth of merchandise, now stored in the store of Wm. Gillan, at Summitville, will positively be sold at 20 per cent. less than cost, in order to close out before moving into another store-room. So now is the best chance ever offered for big bargains, but remember that you must go-there and make them yours before some one else does. Wm. Gillan, Summitville, Blair county, a few days from date. [2t.*]

—An unmarried man past thirty, whose home is in this county, and who is employed on the P. R. R., is said to have no less than three strings to his bow at the present time, two of whom reside not a hundred rods apart, and the other, a young widow, in Westmoreland county. Rumor has it that the gay Lothario was arrested a few days ago by the Sheriff of the latter county and held in one thousand dollars bail for his appearance at court, albeit there seems to have been more than one thing already than conduces to the comfort of the "Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the production of Kidney Wort began with wise cautions and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and health to men and women with health and happiness. "My mother," writes a lady, in exclamation of more than one poor hard-working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. Use Hunt's Kidney-Wort.

—The safe in the office of Lloyd, Wright & Co.'s warehouse, Altoona, was blown open by burglars on Wednesday night of last week, but fortunately it contained only about six or seven dollars, and with that the thieves had to be content. On the following night the gun store of J. M. Watson, in the same city, was entered by burglars, probably the same party, and despoiled of five double barrelled breech loading shot guns, five revolvers, a gold watch, and a small amount of money. Mr. Watson offers a reward of $50 for the arrest and conviction of the thieves.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have the agency for the sale of the Domestic Sewing Machine and invite any and all to call at their store and see this celebrated household necessity, as it will do work never attempted on any other machine. It is the finest finished, easiest running, and makes less noise than any other machine ever invented. Any person having an old machine they make which they wish to dispose of will send for it at the store of V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg, an agent will call on them with the "Domestic" and see what can be done in the way of a trade.

—The nomination of Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo, for Governor by the Democrats of New York, has a slight—very slight—local significance, inasmuch as he is the gentleman who defeated Architect Behe, who engineered the building of our new Court House, for Mayor of Buffalo last November, by about five thousand majority. This too in face of the fact that Buffalo is good for from 2,500 to 3,000 Republican majority, as a rule, almost any day in the week. Hence we infer, and very properly, that Cleveland must be a popular man at home, as he no doubt will prove himself to be throughout the entire State.

—Mr. J. A. Shoemaker, whose family returned to this place from Elk county a few weeks ago, is at home on a visit and will remain until about the 1st of October. Mr. S. was in the employ of the New York and Erie R. R. Co. as a civil engineer for about one year and a half, but is now with the P. R. R. Co. in the same capacity, the scene of his present labors being in Jefferson county. On Wednesday of last week Mr. Shoemaker walked several times across the celebrated Kenzua viaduct, in Bradford county, a structure which overtops any other bridge or viaduct in the world, being upward of 300 feet high and 2,630 feet long.

—The Altoona *Tribune* "don't exactly know what the Cambria FREEMAN means by stating that if the Altoona daily papers had been as gracious as were the weeklies in acknowledging the receipt of complimentary tickets to the concert at Wilmore, 'and notifying the entertainment,' etc. The *Tribune* printed a free programme and spoke favorably of the enterprise." We don't know exactly why we did it, either, so far as the *Tribune* was concerned, albeit we didn't look for anything quite so hand-some and for that reason overlooked the notice entirely. Just call it a case of color blindness, friends of the *Tribune*, and accept this as the best apology we can make.

—Wm. L. Nash, aged 19 years, who was employed as an extra brakeman on the middle division, P. R. R., with his home in Huntingdon, fell from the bumper of a locomotive tank, where he had seated himself for the purpose of coupling the engine to the train, a short distance east of Altoona, about two o'clock Sunday morning, and was run over and almost cut in two across the stomach by one of the tank wheels. He lived for a few minutes after being picked up, but spoke not a word. Deceased was a nephew of Mr. J. A. Nash, editor of the Huntingdon *Journal*, and had been employed on the railroad only two weeks. His remains were taken home for interment.

—Emanuel Johnston, a colored man, was arrested at the Johnstown passenger station on last Thursday evening and taken back to Greensburg for trial on an alleged assault and battery with intent to kill a railroad contractor named Cavan, upon whom he sought revenge for having dismissed him from his employ. Constable Muffly, of Bell township, Westmoreland county, fortunately interfered in time to prevent serious consequences to Cavan, but in doing so had two of his own fingers broken and was otherwise injured. Johnston, who is a powerful man, also succeeded in breaking away from the officers and making his escape, only, however, to be finally arrested, as above stated.

—Mr. Reuben Fox, of Sinking Valley, Blair county, as will be seen by advertisement in another column, has ten fine Leicester lambs which he wishes to dispose of, and as he has heretofore found customers for several Poland China pigs and short-horned bull calves by advertising in the FREEMAN, we have no doubt his present venture will prove equally successful. He is a fair, square man to deal with, and we are sure that any of our readers who invest in one or more of his lambs will have no cause to regret it.

—We haven't a very pretty name at best, but we have sported it so long and have become so habituated to its sound and spell that we feel like resenting any such outlandish abbreviation as has been made of it by the mailing clerk of the *Tribune and Farmer*, Philadelphia, who has brought the thing down to such a fine point that he addresses us as "Ham. Pike." Perhaps we shouldn't complain so long as he don't substitute a D for the H, but anyhow we would like to know why the aforesaid paper is addressed to us personally, "Ham. Pike" or no "Ham Pike," instead of to the FREEMAN, as they get our paper in exchange and we are sure they will never get anything else. Dy'e hear that now?

—Al. Williams, Daniel Brisco and Miller R. Leckins, all colored, were arrested in Johnstown on Monday last, at the instance of Samuel Byers, white, who is a freight conductor on the P. R. R., and who charges them with highway robbery. It seems that the entire party had been on a jamboree together the previous Monday, and after becoming sufficiently salubrious departed to a vacant lot to indulge in a little snooze. While here, as Byers alleges, the "men and brethren" went through his pockets while he was asleep and confiscated ten dollars in cash and a book containing fifty trip tickets from Conemaugh to Derry. The accused were to have had a hearing before Justice Strayer on Tuesday, but the prosecutor, being without evidence to sustain the charge, failed to appear.

—The Republican conferees of this Congressional district met in Altoona, on Tuesday last, and nominated Gen. Jacob M. Campbell for reelection. The three conferees from Cambria, Messrs. George T. Swank, W. H. Barker and Samuel McKeever, the three from Somerset, Messrs. J. R. McMillen, M. R. Adams and Capt. M. Biesecker, and the three from Bedford, Messrs. D. S. Elliott, C. W. Ashcom and J. B. Cessna, making nine in all, voted for Campbell, while the three from Blair, Messrs. Samuel McCamant, J. B. Isenberg and Theodore H. Wigton, voted for Thomas S. Blair, of Hollidaysburg. General Campbell was introduced to the conference and in a few remarks expressed his thanks for the honor conferred upon him. No time has yet been fixed, so far as we are aware, for the meeting of the Democratic conference.

—The foundation for the new armory for our home military company is rapidly approaching completion. It is a big job, and far her along we shall try to lay before our readers the number of perches of stone entering into its composition. Upon the completion of the foundation, it is the purpose of Mr. Parrish, the contractor, to effect up and carry up the brick-work of the walls, and should the weather prove favorable, he thinks he will have the entire structure under roof by the first of November. The military company count high on being able to take possession on the first of July of the coming year. As showing the confidence of the patriotists in the enterprise, it is only necessary to say that all the money needed was subscribed long ago, and that all that was subscribed has been paid up.

—The Mineral City cornet band, of Johnstown, while here with the Odd Fellows on Thursday of last week, played several delightful tunes on the street in front of the *Herald* and FREEMAN "print shops," and as the "sweet symphony of sounds" then and there elicited may have been intended as a serenade for the newspaper fraternity, we hereby return the thanks of the FREEMAN folks for the same, as far as any are concerned. The band referred to is one of the best we have ever listened to, the members thereof blowing their horns for all there is in them, but their admitted musical excellence is not all that can be said in their favor, as the band is composed of as good looking and well behaved set of boys as we have met up anywhere. Johnstown has good reason to be proud and should take care to sustain a musical organization so commendable and proficient as the Mineral City band.

THE ODD FELLOWS' PICNIC.—Highland Lodge, No. 428, of this place, indulged on Thursday last in an exceedingly pleasant picnic, in which they were joined by sister Lodges throughout the county. Our "forms" were on press at the moment the festivities began, or we would have given the details of the affair last week. We rectify the omission, partially, by saying that a special train brought about one hundred and fifty of the brotherhood from Johnstown at the hour of 12 M. That accompanying them was the Mineral City cornet band, of that place, and presented a very fine appearance. Word had been sent prior by telegraph as to the precise hour of their arrival, and the members of Highland Lodge, in full regalia, filed down to the railroad station and welcomed their brethren. The Ebensburg cornet band, under the leadership of Prof. Viola, took the front of our home Lodge. Returning, the Mineral City band marshaled the visitors, followed by brethren from Chest Springs, Wilmore and other places. It is thought there were three hundred in the procession, and had the weather been of the reverse of what it was—the same being damp, dismal, and disagreeable—the number would doubtless have been trebled. Johnstown alone, it is said, would have duplicated her representation had the necessary cars been provided by the P. R. R. at the corner of Centre and High streets, the procession was confronted by a flag of mammoth proportions, stretched from the Cambria House to the Latterner House, which bore this legend—"Welcome!" The flag itself was an offering from the Chest Springs Lodge, and has a history as old as the hills. Mr. Krouse, the popular landlord in that village. Flags and banners were displayed throughout High street, along which the procession marched to Maple Grove, on the western outskirts of town, where they were formally received by Col. Jno. A. Barker, Esq., of our home Lodge. He said, in effect, that all who had braved the elements to be present on the occasion were welcome and doubly welcome, and, by sanction of the constituted authorities, the privileges of Ebensburg and environs were extended to them. Mr. Barker's speech was appropriately responded to by several of the visiting brethren, after which the big feed was given the attention which is customary on such occasions.—Speaking about the feast, it will not be amiss to say that a hog and two dozen chickens, all roasted, came from Chest Springs. The Johnstowners said that, taken all in all, they hadn't sat down to such another meal since the Stony creek broke its bound and became united with the Conemaugh river. They furthermore declared that next year they would return the compliment of a banquet to Highland Lodge or know the reason why. All in all, it was a most enjoyable affair, and one which we have no doubt will be often repeated in the future. The Mineral City band, as we have stated, accompanied the Johnstowners. Taken as a whole, it is an organization of which any city, town or hamlet should be proud, and we go a step further than is usual in notices of this sort by saying that the snare-drummer thereof is and along with them is one of the best, if not the very best s. d.'s (which is not sock-dologers) in the State.

### FREE OF CHARGE.

All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg, and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar size bottle will do. Call early.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD NEWS.—The Pennsylvania railroad company is reported to be negotiating for the charter of the South Mountain railroad, which it will use to connect Birdsboro with Harrisburg, making an additional branch to the proposed new line in Reading. The Philadelphia railroad company and the Phœnixville, Pottstown and Reading railroad company have been chartered with a capital of $1,500,000 each. They will be operated by the Pennsylvania railroad company, and are the corporation under which the new lines in the Schuylkill valley are being constructed.

Under the new management of the Pennsylvania railroad, which goes into effect on October 1, W. A. Patton, at present assistant to Vice President Cassatt, will be transferred to President Roberts' department, M. A. Reeves will be assistant to General Manager Pugh, and E. T. Postlethwaite will be assistant to Vice President Thomson.

### Satisfaction for Ten.

In our family of ten for over two years Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured headache, malaria and other complaints so satisfactorily that we are in excellent health and no expense for doctors or other medicines.—*Chronicle.*

"MEN must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

SHOT DOWN IN THE STREET.—About 9 o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, while Mr. Jacob Ehrenfeld, of Altoona, was engaged in conversation with another gentleman at the corner of 11th avenue and 14th street, Orlando Stultz, a young rowdy from near Newry, who had been on a protracted spree, came along the street and commenced abusing Mr. Ehrenfeld and his friend, both of whom he seems to have known, in a most insolent manner, boasting that he could "lick" either of them. Mr. E. patiently bore his abuse as long as he thought was reasonable, and finally struck at him, the blow passing over Stultz's shoulder. The two men then clinched and in the melee Stultz drew a revolver, which Mr. Ehrenfeld attempted to take from him. Some of the bystanders also attempted to get it away from him, but before they could do so he succeeded in firing it off after he and Mr. Ehrenfeld had fallen on the sidewalk, Stultz having the advantage of the fall. The ball took effect in Mr. E.'s left shoulder, just under the collar bone, embedding itself beneath the shoulder blade. The wounded man was conveyed to his home and the Altoona papers of Tuesday last say that he was then doing well and likely to recover. Stultz was arrested and committed to the Blair county jail to await his trial. Mr. Ehrenfeld is represented as a quiet, industrious man, and a most excellent citizen. He is a married man and a locomotive engineer between Altoona and Derry, is about 26 years of age, and is a brother of P. R. R. Superintendent Ehrenfeld, of Gallitzin, this county.

ANOTHER SHOOTING AFFAIR.

A young man named James Williams of East Tyrone, was shot on Thursday morning of last week, by Jonathan Ike, a farmer living near Garner's station, on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad. Williams was a fireman on the road, and while his train was on the siding at the station mentioned above, he jumped across a fence into a field and shook some peaches from a tree, to convince his engineer that he was mistaken in saying they were dead leaves. He picked up a few of the peaches and started for his engine, and while climbing over the fence a rifle-ball fired by Ike, who was concealed in a clump of bushes, took effect about an inch below and to the left of his left hip. Ike was soon after found by the trainmen behind the bushes reloading his rifle, and was arrested and subsequently bound over for his appearance at the next term of the Blair county court. He is over sixty years of age and of good character, and has a fair chance of paying the penalty for such a wanton and careless use of a deadly weapon. The physicians had no hopes of William's recovery on Monday last.

### $200.00 REWARD

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters or preparations with the word HOP or HOPS in their name or connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine have cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted. HOP BITTERS MFG CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

A REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.—Recently Dr. William Caldwell noticed in an Ebensburg paper, the FREEMAN published, that the statement of a person who claimed to have been cured of that troublesome disease, asthma, by the use of a weed known as "Life Everlasting," or balm (*gnaphalium morgantaceum*), which grows in abundance in this section of country. Mrs. Caldwell has long been a sufferer from asthma, and she has tried many different remedies without deriving much benefit. The Doctor, two weeks ago, gathered a good quantity of the weed and placed it in his wife's bed-chamber. The effect has been to entirely relieve her of the malady, and to afford her much comfort. She passes no more sleepless nights, nor are her nights disturbed by any bad fits of coughing. The Doctor also gave some of the weed to Mr. J. H. Swank, who heretofore has been afflicted with asthma, and since he began the use of the balm he has not suffered a particle from his old complaint. Some persons in using the herb make a pillow of it, while others burn it about the room and carry a bunch of it in their persons, both of which are probably able odor at frequent intervals. The remedy costs nothing, and if it possesses the healing powers claimed for it there will be many a poor mortal, particularly at this time of the year, who will seek relief through its simple agency.—*Johnstown Tribune, Sept.* 20.

A GRAND INDEPENDENT RALLY IN JOHNSTOWN.—The Independent Republicans of Johnstown and vicinity held a meeting at Union Hall on last Saturday evening, which is said in the report of its proceedings, published in the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, to have been very largely attended. Mr. Frank W. Hay, one of the best known and most respectable business men of the place, presided at the meeting, assisted by quite a number of Vice Presidents, all of whom had heretofore been leading and influential members of the Republican party. Several of the officers of the meeting were gentlemen who are interested in the Gautier wire works and the Bessamer steel mill, which looks as if old Simon Cameron didn't know what he was talking about, or else when he recently charged the independents with playing into the hands of what it suits him to call the "Free Trade" party, falsely attributing that character to the Democracy. The meeting was addressed by Col. Duff, of Pittsburg, the Independent Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Col. Wm. McMichael, of Philadelphia, candidate for Congressman-at-Large, and Gen. Koontz, of Somerset. Col. Duff and Gen. Koontz also addressed an Independent Republican meeting at the Opera House in Altoona on Wednesday night.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.—Council met in regular session on Monday evening last, with Burgess Roberts presiding, and Councilmen Barker, Evans, Custer, Gutwald and Jones present.

A motion was made and carried that the bill of B. McColgan, late Prothonotary, for appointing J. S. Bolsing Constable, be referred to the Solicitor.

A motion was made and passed that a one-inch metre be attached to the water pipe at the jail.

The following bills were read and, on motion, orders granted for the same:

| | |
|---|---|
| Jesse Bolsinger, putting water into residences and repairing | $27.50 |
| David Pryse, lumber | 4.08 |
| R. R. Davis, work at water works | 9.00 |
| Aurora Coal Co. | 20.14 |
| J. S. Davis, clerk, three months' salary | 30.00 |
| Job Mills, work | 2.00 |
| E. W. Humphreys, work | 21.30 |
| George Leighty, work | 1.37 |
| William Clement, work | 1.37 |
| Richard Gittings, work | 1.37 |

On motion, adjourned.

J. S. DAVIS, Clerk.

### A Remarkable Case.

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir*: I am induced by a sense of duty to the suffering to make a brief statement of the remarkable cure of myself. I was a most miserable sufferer from the various annoying and distressing diseases of delicate persons, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to even bear my weight upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city, each and all saying they could do nothing for me. I had given up all hopes of ever being well.—In this condition I began to take your *Mandin* and *Pertuna*, and, I am most happy to say, in three months I was perfectly well—entirely cured, without any appliances or support of any kind.

Yours truly, MRS. H. ELLIS,
No. 500 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

TAKE WARNING.—This man feels awful bad about something. He has probably bought a lot of goods and paid too big a price for them. Had he went to C. T. Roberts' Variety Store he would have found all goods desirable in the way of bows of every size and style, hats to fit any head and suit any taste, gents' furnishing goods in great variety, clocks, watches and jewelry of the best makes and quality, as well as tobacco, cigars and many other needful articles in profusion, either or all of which he could have bought at such prices as would have made him look much better natured.

### "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY"

has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive nightsweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

# SMITH!

## A EUPHONEOUS PATRONYMIC

### Protean Changes Have Been Rung on This Wondrous Name.

### STILL IT RETAINS ITS SWEET RESONANCE

**DAMNED BE HE WHO WOULD UNSMITH SMITH!**

CALLAN HOUSE, CRESSON,
Sept. 26, 1882.

DEAR MCPIKE—I have sharpened my pencil for an important and interesting work, and find that your readers will not assume that in a moment of desperation or aberration I made bold to undertake so momentious a job of penciling; but the theme being one of unusual interest, worthy of the most careful study and serious reflection, I conceive it no less a pleasure than a duty to perform the task. If in the passages of life there be a theme truly grateful to the heart and absorbing to the mind, which sovereignly interests, nay, takes the whole soul captive: if there be one topic calculated to awaken to a sense of the positive and snatch us from the misty regions of romance, which compelling us from the contemplation of the vague, the visionary, the ideal, forces us face to face, heart to heart, with the the things of earth, and hurries into the very council chamber and the stately presence of the real: if there be a subject omnipotent in expression, powerful in mystic meaning, wide-spread in its influences, unchangeable in its essence, marvelous in its destiny, assuredly that subject, that all-important topic, is comprised in the wondrous impersonation SMITH. Not SMITH in the abstract; not SMITH of dreams or poetic reveries; not SMITH disembodied, fantastic, unsubstantiated, but SMITH as we see him and know him—animated, vigorous, robust SMITH, in the actual presence, pure flesh and blood SMITH.

The happiness, the fortunes, enterprises, sorrows, joys, triumphs, and, in a word, all that concerns the earthly lot of that time-honored individual are of great moment to mankind. What heart does not throb with delicate sentiments? whose pulse does not beat with pleasureable emotions? what cheek is not suffused with joy? whose blood does not run more congenial? whose spirit is not moved to the very depths whenever that mystic monosyllable SMITH is pronounced? Does it not open up vistas of cordial remembrances and neighborly associations? Who does not feel and think and sympathize with SMITH? What memories does he not awaken? To every class and rank he is familiar. Who has not seen him, spoken to him, heard him speak, and shaken hands with him? No one has larger connections, and no one has done a larger amount of business in social relations. There is no kind of business he has not been engaged in. He has had a trial at every profession, and has illustrated them all; he has put his hand to every trade and mastered them all. If there ever was a pet of the public, SMITH certainly is the prime and the principle; his praise is in every one's mouth, and wherever and by whomsoever the mellifluous patronymic is uttered, it at once awakens pleasant memories and invokes familiar nods and kindly smiles.

The sweet resonance of the euphonious patronymic SMITH never, never, can be checked. No harsh combinations can ever suspend the flowing essence, mar the wondrous harmony, or break the final close.—Numerous, indeed, are the changes that have been made of that cherished name, but experience proves that the changes alter not its native simplicity and the sterling naught from its sovereign excellency. Disguise it as you will, it is SMITH still. Mask it as you may, it still maintains its noble, honored features. Its great powers of adaptation to all the fancies and requirements are beyond comprehension. Smith, Smyth, Smythe, Smithe, Smithe, Smithes, Smithers, Smitheson, Smithson, Smithtest, Smithawaite, Smithskin, midthskiff, Her Von Kazlewellonhogen Schmidt, El Senor Conde Don Carlos Schmitho—these and a thousand others still are modifications, free and easy combinations of the prime original. SMITH is a name which contradicts the nature of fortunes and facts in general; it bends and sways to every exigency, sways and swerves with every kind of fashion, submits to every caprice or whim of the individual, and yet is able to abstract itself from its surrounding and accidents of time and place; it rides triumphant through the shock of opinion and storms of change, comes forth uncathed from the fiery ordeal, and resolves itself into its first essence.

How many simple stories, puny puns and pointless anecdotes pass current merely because inscribed with the revered legend SMITH! SMITH is a favorite, familiar guest at every board and hearth. The very sound of his name is cheering and jubilant, like a well toned chime, and it awakens many a merry peal. Truly SMITH is a great institution. Take away his name and you absorb his individuality. Substitute Jones, and he topples down from his airy height where our imagination had placed him, and he becomes simply a man, even as the rest of men—a mere bundle of weaknesses, a mass of indecision; in fact, he was almost dead. A few women gathered around and proceeded to put his feet in a tub of warm water, but failing in much; so the 'Squire, fearing that he would die, hurriedly called in the family physician, who, as soon as he saw the patient, told the 'Squire to bring him in a pitcher of cold water. The 'Squire looked astonished and asked what he wanted with *cold* water, as the patient was already nearly frozen. The doctor replied that he wished to put him in the tub." The 'Squire brought the water, as requested and the patient was "revarsed," with his head over the tub, and the ice-cold water poured on copiously. In less than ten minutes the suffering man was fully revived and is to-day a living witness to the efficacy of the cold water treatment, and a convert to cold water generally, as he fully believes that it alone saved his life on this occasion. All which goes to show the difference between doctors' and women's opinions as to the use of cold water in certain emergencies.

### A GOOD ARTICLE.

For the past four years the well known House of BAUGH & SONS, 20 South Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, have been offering to Farmers their SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE for Wheat, Tobacco, Corn and other crops. This was the first firm to learn that Farmers could not afford to pay from $40 to $60 per ton for a Fertilizer, and they set to work to manufacture an article for less money, but to contain ALL THE VIRTUES of the HIGHER PRICED ARTICLE.

***They are now manufacturing and selling a PHOSPHATE for $25 per ton on cars or boat in Philadelphia which has been tried and found just what the Farmers need. Large numbers of Farmers have used it and recommend it to their neighbors.***

***For circular showing guaranteed adalysis address***

*BAUGH & SONS,*
***20 S. Delaware Ave.,***
***PHILADELPHIA.***

[9-8.-1m.]

### A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.* Sept. 1, 1882.-1y.

### WANTED—ENERGETIC, RELIABLE MEN

to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. GOOD SALARIES and Expenses paid. Address at once,
[9-28.-2m.*] J. F. LeCLAIRE, Rochester, N. Y.

STRAY HEIFER.—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Cambria township, on the 4th inst., a two-year-old black and white spotted heifer; no marks. Any person having a knowledge of the whereabouts of said heifer will confer a favor on the owner, who will pay all expenses, by leaving or sending word to the Ebensburg post-office. NEAL MCKAY.
Cambria Twp., Sept. 29, 1882.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the first and final account of Frederick Mouse, guardian of John S. and Charles A. Blakely, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, October 17, 1882*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of the above appointment; when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper. A. V. BARKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Sept. 29, 1882.-3t.

### COMMUNICATION.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

THE TIME OF HIS COMING, THE NATURE OF HIS DOCTRINE, AND THE EXTENT OF HIS KINGDOM ALL FULLY PREDICTED.

From an early period after the fall of man, a gracious intimation was given of God's intention to visit the world by a Divine Person, who would save sinners from their perilous condition, destroy the power of death and hell, and lead his fallowers to eternal felicity. Promises to this effect were given to God's chosen people. This great object held a place in all the predictions of the prophets, and was shadowed forth in all the types and ceremonies of the Jewish law. The character of this Sacred Messenger was drawn with sufficient clearness to render him desirable with all truly pious, and to distinguish Him when come to the view of every humble and earnest inquirer.

It was four thousand years after the creation of the world, and when the Roman Empire having gained the ascendency over all the earth, a universal peace had taken place, while Augustus Cæsar was Emperor of Rome, and Herod by Cæsar's authority had been made King of Judea, that the period arrived for the fulfillment of these gracious promises in the birth of the Prince of Peace. It seems a general impression or expectation prevailed among the Jews that about this time the great Deliverer was to make his appearance: nor are there wanting evidences that such an event was looked for, even in the gentile and heathen world. In casting from the contemplation of Jewish affairs to the glorious objects presented to our notice in the New Testament, we seem to emerge from dreary and uncomfortable shades into the cheerful light of day, and leave without regret a road rendered tedious by Jewish ceremonies, crowded with human traditions, and incumbered with heathen altars, to peruse the open path marked out by the reforming hand of the Son of God.

The name of Jesus in Greek corresponds with Joshua or Hebrew, both signifying a Saviour.—CHRIST is the same in Greek as MESSIAH in Hebrew, meaning the *anointed*. The title *annointed* was given to our Saviour in allusion to the custom of annointing Priests and Kings with oil. Jesus was annointed to the great office of Redeemer by the Holy Spirit, which was given him without measure. As an introduction to the coming of our Saviour, an angel of the Lord appeared to a priest named Zacharias, while offering incense in the temple, informing him that he should have a son who was to be called John, that this child should be filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth, and that he should be the Forerunner of the Lord from heaven to prepare His way. In six months after this the same angel, Gabriel, who appeared before Zacharias, was sent to a virgin of the house of David, that royal family being at that time reduced to a low condition. The maiden's name was MARY, a poor young woman, promised in marriage to a poor young man, a carpenter, likewise of the house of David. The angel saluted MARY and made known to her that she should bear a son whose name should be called JESUS, and that God would give Him the throne of David, and this holy child be produced by the power of the Divine Spirit, on account of which He should be called the Son of God. Shortly after this MARY visited Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias, who was a near relation, and both of them in divine rapture reflected and admired God on account of the approaching visitation of mercy and grace toward His people.

Zacharias being far advanced in years, as was also Elizabeth, his wife, hesitated, through unbelief, when the angel first appeared to him, but the angel told him that he should be "dumb and unable to speak until the fulfilment of the prediction." In the meantime the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph and removed from his mind all suspicion with respect to the character of MARY, his espoused wife. Shortly after this, in consequence of a decree from the Roman Emperor for the taxing of all his subjects in the several cities, Joseph and Mary repaired to Bethlehem, the city of David, to whose family they belonged. The inns of Bethlehem were so crowded with strangers who had come to the same city to enroll their names, that there were no accommodations for such humble guests as Joseph and Mary but those of a stable, to which they were conducted, in which the long promised infant was born, and, after being wrapped in swaddling clothes, He was laid in the manger. Thus it is shown that the appearance of our Redeemer was not to be with the splendor and pomp of this world. On the contrary, God showed his utter contempt and disregard of what poor depraved mortals so highly esteem. Christ, when He was to be ushered into the world in the most solemn condition, while divine honor and heavenly attention were to supply the place of vain and empty worldly grandeur. The carnal and high minded were to be disappointed in their calculations, while the humble, pious souls were to rejoice in their salvation.

The coming of our Saviour was frequently foretold throughout the Old Testament Scriptures.—They represent it as being announced by God to the first human pair, and as forming from the first the theme of all prophecy. The time of His appearance, the place of His birth, the family out of which He was to arise, His life and character, His sufferings, death, and the nature of His doctrine and the extent of His kingdom were all fully predicted. The time of CHRIST'S appearance is the 490th prophetic period, and other concurring circumstances that fix it to the very date of His advent. His life, His virtues, His betrayal, His mysterious sufferings, His drinking of gall, the piercing of His hands and feet, the casting of His raiment and casting lots upon His vesture, His burial, and His rising again without corruption, were all minutely predicted and literally fulfilled.

In the fourth century, there then being a doubt about the true time of the birth of CHRIST, Pope, Julius I, made a search of the Roman archives, and ascertained that Joseph and Mary went to the City of Bethlehem to be enrolled on the 9th day of December, and on the following day our Saviour was born.

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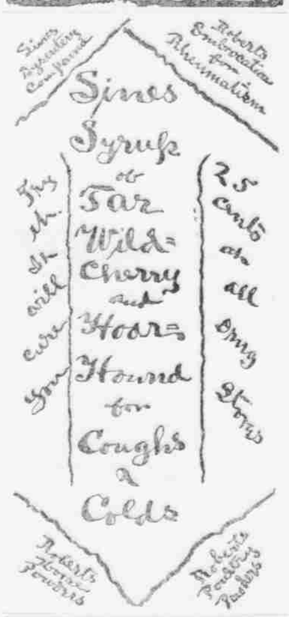
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## INTELLIGENCE IN BIRDS.

That there are many specimens of birds that are scarcely less intelligent than the most sagacious of the quadrupeds has long been known; and there has been exhibited recently some very remarkable feats by some members of the canary tribe. The great family of finches contains many species, such as the goldfinch, bullfinch, chaffinch, redpole, brown finch or linnet, canary bird and others, all of which have long been known for their intelligent perception in learning to perform almost every kind of trick which the ingenuity of man can invent. Some other kinds of birds, however, are little behind the finches in that respect, the best known of which are the raven, rook, pelican and common gull. I once had a specimen of the common gull which followed me about with the fidelity of a dog. I captured it one stormy day in autumn many years ago. It was disabled in one wing, the right use of which it never afterwards fully recovered. I kept it in the garden. It soon learned to know my voice and come at my call. It fed readily out of my hand, and followed me in my rambles by the side of a brook I was won't to frequent. It delighted to wade and dabble in the water, but as soon as I called "Gully" and moved away, it immediately followed; and it would follow no other member of the household but myself. I taught it to carry small trout which I captured with my hands in the brook; and it would carry home for a distance of half a mile or more one or two of these with as much care and faithfulness as a retriever would carry a bird or a hare. I kept it for more than twelve months, when unluckily it was one day upon the road trampled upon by a horse and killed.

A correspondent of a North-country contemporary writes that a gentleman who was at one time the school-master at Fenwick, near Beal, had a pled rook, which he took from a nest in Kyloe Plantation. This bird could talk very distinctly, followed the good lady of the house wherever she went, and seemed to understand every word she said to it just about as well as if it was a member of the genus homo.

But the most remarkable bird that ever came under the writer's observation was a bullfinch kept by a friend of his who resided at Haggerstone. This bird, when young, was taken from a nest at Fenwick Wood, and, strange to say, its trainer was a totally blind man. He, however, not only fed it, but taught it to whistle some tunes with accuracy. The "Keel Bow" was its master piece, which it could whistle with the utmost exactness. It had the full liberty of the house and door and never attempted to escape. Indeed, it would not allow its cage door to remain shut, but would turn the wire catch with its bill, and open the door as soon as left to itself. It was passionately attached to its master and seemed unhappy when he was out of the house. When from home a few days together, as he had occasionally to be, the bird seldom left its cage and never chirped a note during his absence, but the moment he entered the door it struck up the "Keel Bow" and flew to him, perched upon his head and shoulder, and exhibited many evident signs of joy. When at home the bird was constantly hopping about him, or flying from one piece of furniture to another, and whistling his favorite tune, "Where is Bully?" my friend would say, and immediately the bird would perch upon his arm, head or shoulder, and sing out joyously, "Here I" "Bully, go to the door and call that dog in," his master would say, and Bully at once flew to the door and whistled so exactly in imitation of his master that the dog did not know the difference, but came running in, wagging his tail and crouching down behind his master, believing that his master and not the bird had called him in. But Bully always knew the sound of his master's foot and his knock at the door. No matter what time of night my friend went home, and he was late sometimes, and would often tap at the door or window to see if the bird would recognize him, the bird at once commence to sing lustily and flew to him as soon as he entered the house. He kept this bird for five or six years, and had been several times offered large sums of money for it, but refused to sell.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.—A German scientist finds that the true color of perfectly distilled pure water is a fine deep green.

The New York, Chicago and St. Louis railway uses a steam shovel that lifts eighteen tons of gravel at one scoop.

The ground burns through the shoes on the feet of missionaries of Ceylon when the mercury is at 160 in the sun.

The chamois is the only antelope found in Europe, and the baboon, on the rocks of Gibralter, the only quadrumania.

A statistician estimates that the people of the United States have to pay $23 a minute for Congress while in session.

A petroleum well has been discovered thirty yards below the surface of the water in the middle of lake Chapala, Mexico.

There is an Indian professor who can destroy a corpse in twenty minutes with a patent chemical solution costing only one dollar and sixty cents.

"The Natal Twin Association" of Nashville, Tennessee, pays $2,000 to any member producing a certificate of the paternity of a pair of twin babies.

In some parts of Africa, where ants swarm, they are said to form, at times, a considerable portion of the food supply. They are used in some countries in Europe for making formatic acid, and are subject to an import duty.

It is a mistake to think century plants bloom only when they are one hundred years old. In their native climate and under favorable circumstances, they will bloom when only nine years old. The plant then dies but numerous suckers are already around its base to take its place.

Coffee, as its name imports, Coffiea Arabica, is indigenous to northern Africa, and was imported into Europe as a curiosity. Not much more than 150 years ago a single layer of two slips was taken from Holland to Martinique, and it throve so well that it furnished a supply for the whole of the West Indies.

The "Nilometer," or instrument used in measuring the annual rise of the river Nile, is situated on the Island of Roda, nearly opposite Cairo. It consists of a square wall or chamber in the centre of which is a graduated pillar divided into seventeen cubits. The state of the river is proclaimed daily in the byways and streets of Cairo during the inundation by several criers, to each of whom a particular district is assigned. The usual maximum of the river is from twenty four to twenty six feet.

If we would avoid corns we must also avoid bad-fitting boots. Very few of the more fashionable wear boots more than about two-thirds of the width of the foot. This may seem an erroneous statement, but it may be verified by marking the form of the foot, as one stands on a paper, marking around it and then comparing it with the shape of the boot. The boot may be too large as well as too small—though not very usual—thus irritating the outer skin, causing it to thicken, as a protection to the nerves beneath.

These may be removed by very simple means. They are of an albuminous character, and since albumen is dissolved by an alkali, a frequent application of liquid potash will soon remove them. Ordinary soda, though rather weak for this purpose, will effect a cure. If continued a reasonable time.

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## THE DISEASES OF FARMERS.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* gives some interesting facts on this subject and indirectly suggests how some of the causes of disease may be prevented or diminished. The more common diseases among farmers are: First, pulmonary affection in various forms; second, rheumatism; third, dyspepsia; fourth, fevers, especially of the typhoid class. Every possible precaution should be employed to guard against these insidious enemies. The farmer, with his active, out-door life, can digest almost anything, and often thrives on a very wretched diet; but the wife and daughters, living too much indoors, grow pale and dyspeptic on the same fare. They need to learn and practice the habits of the pedestrian women of England. It is largely because they exercise in the open air daily that the latter retain so long the bloom and vigor of youth. More outdoor exercise would promote the health and prolong the lives of American woman, Though dyspepsia ranks third in the list of diseases among farmers it is the first in prevailence among the wives and daughters. In many cases farmers' wives suffer from overwork, and sometimes it is true of their children. The duties of the farmer's wife are excessive, when to the bearing and rearing of children is added general housework, including the cooking for farm laborers, besides her own family, and the care of a dairy. The location of a farmer's home is often in a low, damp and unhealthy spot.

Low ground is preferred as more accessible, more shielded from winds, nearer springs, or more convenient for digging wells. The early settlers in New England sought the hills and mountain sides to escape malaria, and when that danger disappeared the tendency of their decendants were to the valleys, and many now suffer from wet and damp locations, near wet meadows and a little above the water level or on hardpan, which, holding the surface water, is always wet and cold. In such cases cellars are damp and the drainage poor. It is by no means affirmed that farmhouses are more likely to be badly located than the houses in our cities or villages, but in the latter there is little or no choice. Farmhouses may be and ought to be better located than city houses. Low sites, where the house drains, are sluggish, the fogs frequent, the air stagnant, and the effluvia from the outbuildings confined, should not be avoided. Next in importance to location is cleanliness in the surroundings of the farm houses. Pulmonary affections stands first among the four most common disease of farmers, and indeed, of the community at large. Two causes are assigned for this result. One is needlessly exposing yourself to wet and cold, especially cold feet, and another is bad posture. Some kinds of work, like setting out plants, spading, hoeing, mowing and weeding, favor a cramped position, but none of them necessitate it. Indeed, one can better bear any work if he keeps his chest expanded and his lungs well inflated. He can do any kind of farm work better by bending at the hip than by curving the spine and contracting the chest. The French, Swiss and German farm laborers are far more erect than American farmers.

FARMERS' PROVERBS.—A weak fence makes a strong foe, but firm stakes always makes firm friendship.

Fence in your stock if you would fence out the devil.

One bad sow will make bad quarrels. A sow that has lost her ears should also lose her life.

A bad shoe in winter makes very bad coughs. Mend your shoes and break the cough.

Every stitch in an old shoe saves a penny in a new bill.

A penny given to a coarse shoemaker saves a penny to a fine doctor.

Fleas in a cabin will make grass in a corn-field—for he that catches flees by night will catch sheep by day.

When the laborer is asleep, then the grass is awake.

A new hoop will save an old tub, but new cider will burst an old barrel.

Take care of the poor spots and the rich spots will take care of themselves.

He that tilleth very poor land sendeth good corn after worthless nubbins.

Poor land receives good currency but pays bad money. It borrows hard money, but pays back bad paper.

Provide fuel for the summer and the winter will take care of itself, for winter is a tight overseer, but summer is an indulgent master.

With your work always keep ahead and the grass won't grow behind you.—If the work is behind the grass is beforehand.

He that works his crop badly will be overcropped sadly—for to slight work is to make work.

If the master is much at home the overseer is seldom abroad.

If you will cure the gall you will not have the gully.

A gall for want of mending is a gully in the ending.

Keep your hogs clean or the rogues will be fat.

A poor pig in hand is better than a fat one out of pocket.

CORNFODDER.—The opinion we have often expressed and a desire to repeat is, that there is not that attention paid to the curing and saving of cornfodder that its value demands. Every good farmer must know that cattle eat it greedily through the winter, and if cut and steamed it is as good for them as the best hay, and really more milk producing. Where then is the necessity of allowing it to remain in shocks until the middle or end of November? Corn should not be cut down until the stalks are dying and grain is pretty hard, and then it should remain no longer in the field than is absolutely necessary for the drying of the grain. It should be husked as early as possible, and the fodder tied up in bundles, and either stacked near the cattle stables or put under shelter in the shed.

It is well known, too, that the horses prefer it to the best hay; also, that the blades are especially sought for to feed racing animals, strengthening their bottom and wind beyond any other food. It is besides wholesome provender and helps most beneficially in making the winter supply of hay hold out till late in the spring, with the addition of roots which every farmer, who shrewdly looks to the main chance, ought to cultivate for feeding in the early part.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A QUEER MODEL OF SELF-DEFENSE.—Oddest of all defensive methods is that of snapping off the tail. The slow worm or blind worm, is a snake-like lizard common in the old world. When alarmed it contracts its muscles in such manner and degree as to break its tail off at considerable distance from the end. But how can this aid it? The detached tail then dances about very lively, holding the attention of the offender while the lizard slinks away. And for a considerable time the tail retains its capability of twisting and jumping every time it is struck. The lizard will then grow tail, so as to be prepared for another adventure. There are other lizards which have a similar power, though in a less degree.

TO STOP BLEEDING, if from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork into a proper form and size to cover the bleeding cavity and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed. This, we believe, is our own invention, and have never known it to fail. It has served us in desperate cases.—*Boston Transcript.*


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| CANNED APPLES, | HOMINY, | SHOE LACERS, |
| " CORN, | HOOKS and EYES, | SHOT, |
| " PEACHES, | HOSE, | SILK TWIST, |
| " PEARS, | INDIGO, | " THREAD, |
| " TOMATOES, | INK, | SOAPS, |
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| COFFEES, | LINEN CRASH, | TEAS, |
| CORN STARCH, | MACABONI, | THREAD, |
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| COMBS, | MOLASSES, | WASHBOARDS, |
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